

just breath enough to keep his life in, and scarce strength enough to draw it.

*Quarll* being come to the place where his beloved *Beaufidelle* lay in a most bloody condition, could not forbear shedding tears to see him thus miserably dying; but finding still breath in him, it gave him hopes of his recovery; and taking him up in his arms, with all the care he could, he hastens home, and gives him a little of the liquor he had made, which by that time had got both body and spirit; then having laid him upon his bed, and covered him with his winter wrapper, he makes a fire, and warms some of the said liquor, and fresh butter, with which he washes his sores, so lays him down again, giving him all the careful attendance he could during his illness, which held out but one week, at the end of which he died, to his unspeakable grief, who from that time grew so melancholy, that he had not courage to go on with his memorial for some time.

There happened nothing after for the space of four years, but great thundering and lightning in the summer, and abundance of hail and snow in the winter, with now and then storms, which left several sorts of fish in the clefts and holes of the rocks, and sometimes fragments of flaved ships, and battered casks,

or

or a broken chest, and like products of shipwrecks, not worth recording; by which means, for want of employment, he has several sunless and idle hours in the day-time, which his late beloved animal's diverting company made slip away with pleasure, and for want of which they now creep slowly on; being loaded with dull and heavy thoughts, which made those walks irksome, he at that time took for ease; that by the diversity of objects abroad, his mind might be withdrawn from his anxious solitude.

One day as he was walking, the day being extraordinary hot, he goes to shelter himself in one of his natural groves, a young monkey of the grey kind dropped off the tree, and lay for dead, but being only strangled he opened his windpipe by squeezing it the contrary way, and by careful nursing soon recovered it; but as the rest is related by himself to *Mr. Dorrington* in the former part of this history, it will be superfluous to say any thing farther on that subject here.

This accident made *Quarll* in some measure resume his former cheerfulness, and nothing more happening between this and the time he was found on the island by *Mr. Dorrington*, was the conclusion of his memoirs,

THE END.